

Love Taker (Don't You Mess Around With Me) by moonflowers

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Summary:

Five times Billy and Steve were interrupted getting hot and heavy, and one time they were not.

Love Taker (Don't You Mess Around With Me)

Author's Note:

There may be a day I don't name a fic about these two after a song, but it is not this day. I just want a glorious montage of them making out to Pat Benatar's Heartbreaker okay.

Locker Room

If someone were to ask Steve if he was dating Billy Hargrove - not that it was a question anyone would even think to ask - he would have said no. Not because saying yes would be asking for trouble, or because he was embarrassed about it or anything, but because the thought that it could be true honestly hadn't occurred to him. Dating was all the things he used to do with Nance; study dates, dinner with her parents, trips to the movies, brief kisses at the lockers and longer ones when he'd slipped through her bedroom window at night. What he and Billy were doing didn't feel anything like that. They shared cigarettes at lunch, went to the diner together, drove up to the quarry to drink beer and talk shit, snuck hard, quick kisses under the bleachers or the shadow of Steve's front door. And yeah, when he laid it all out like that, he guessed they *were* dating. Not that he'd fucking say that to Billy, Jesus. He was half expecting him to take off at any given moment as it was.

~

"Good game, Harrington," Billy said as he sauntered into the empty locker room, towel slung over his shoulder and sweaty hair curling and stuck to his neck, "keep that up. and one day you might actually be as good as me."

"Wow, thanks," Steve said, folding his arms and leaning back against the lockers. Billy'd stayed behind to talk to the coach and the rest of the team were already gone. Steve may or may not have been waiting for him. "You really know how to make a guy feel special, Hargrove."

"What can I say," Billy's eyes flicked down to the front of Steve's

shorts, mouth ticking up in a sharp smile, a flash of teeth, "I'm a man of many talents."

"Yeah yeah," Steve didn't give him the satisfaction of a proper answer, just rolled his eyes and turned to hide his smile, opening his locker to dig out his jeans. If there was one way to rile Billy up, it was to play it cool.

Sure enough, he'd barely opened the door before Billy was behind him, draping himself all along Steve's back, hot and heavy and sticky with sweat, bare chest pressing the damp fabric of Steve's t-shirt to his skin.

"Fuckin' love watching you play," Billy breathed into the back of his neck, hands on Steve's hips as he held him against the lockers, lips brushing over his skin with each word, "fuckin' poetry, that's what it is."

"Shit," Steve's hand tightened on the the door of the locker.

"It's a damn crime for you to look so good out there, and me not being able to do anything about it."

Steve hesitated, just a fraction of a moment before he spoke again. "So do something about it now."

They hadn't talked about it really, they were just sort of... y'know, doing whatever, but what else was there to say? He could feel Billy, still mostly soft but definitely *there*, pressed up tight against his ass, basketball shorts slippery over his own. Steve made a decision and turned around, rushed up to kiss him hard, adrenaline still pumping from the game taking an extra boost with Billy caging him against the lockers, metal cool against his sweat covered back. Honestly, he fucking loved it; loved the feel of him, the bulk of his muscly frame all around him. He grabbed at Billy's back, skin sweat damp, slipping a hand down the back of his shorts to dig his fingers into the curve of his ass, Billy hissing and running his hands along Steve's arms thighs belly like he couldn't decide where to put them and Steve was definitely going to give him shit about that later, and they weren't even kissing anymore, just panting into each other's mouths, and -

There was a bang as the door from the gym swung open and hit the wall. They jumped apart, Billy swearing and dashing off towards the shower and Steve turning back to pretend he was looking for something in his locker. It was only one of the other guys from the team coming back to pick up his forgotten gym bag. He started chattering away about their state of play, Steve grunting and nodding where appropriate, paying no attention, too busy watching Billy slink out of the gym without the other guy noticing. *Shit.*

Steve's Pool

It was a relief to know that Hawkins could actually be sunny. Still a little cold, yeah, but he could *actually see the sun*. Billy'd been starting to worry that the whole backwards little town was stuck in a perpetual, miserable state of cloud and damp. But no, the weather was finally starting to pick up, and, joy of all joys, he got to spend the unexpectedly bright day lounging around by Steve Harrington's fucking outdoor heated swimming pool. Technically, they were meant to be doing homework by the pool, but Billy was near enough done, and his attention was starting to wander. He'd been over to Steve's place once or twice before when his parents weren't there, if only quick visits, and was starting to feel a little less on edge whenever Steve let him in. He wasn't sure exactly when they'd fallen into this... this, but if it meant he got to spend more of his Saturdays like this one, in a big fancy house with a pretty boy to play with, he wasn't going to complain. Billy took another sip of his soda, and wondered how best to amuse himself. The answer was obvious - just looking wasn't enough to hold his attention all afternoon.

"How are you holding up there, Harrington?"

Steve was lying on his back, stretched out on the tiles by the pool's edge, and tilted his head back to peer at Billy over his pricey, preppy sunglasses. "Fuck off."

"It was just a friendly question, Stevie boy," he grinned, pleased Steve had taken the bait, "no need to snap." He popped his lips around the 'p.'

"I'm not," Steve huffed, looking back down at his textbook, "just let me concentrate, okay? You're the worst fucking distraction in the world."

"A title to be proud of." And it wasn't his fault, really. Steve was just begging to be teased, and Billy found it hard to leave him alone at the best of times. What was he supposed to do when faced with the sight of Steve in the fucking *tiniest swim shorts what the fuck*, thin and pale blue and doing absolutely fucking nothing to hide his dick. His eye kept catching on the jut of Steve's hip just above the waistband, and he couldn't just fucking sit there any longer without doing something about it. "Hey Harrington?"

"What?" Steve bit back without looking up.

"I could use some help over here." He ran his hand lightly over his crotch.

"You don't need my help," Steve said, "there's no point pretending you're not smart as shit - " he turned his head to look at Billy, cutting himself off when he saw Billy teasing himself through the stretchy red fabric of his shorts. "Oh."

"I'd really appreciate it," he said, straight-faced and voice sincere as he could make it.

Steve blinked. "In that case..." He closed the textbook and stood, walked slowly around the edge of the pool to crouch beside him, smelling of hairspray and sunscreen, even though Billy'd rolled his eyes and told him it wasn't hot enough for him to burn. He watched the mole on Steve's throat as he spoke. "I know the perfect way to help you cool off."

He pushed him into the pool.

Billy sputtered at the shock of it, coming back up to the surface, shaking the warm water out of his hair and laughing, loud and brash, as he swam back to the edge. It touched him more than it should that Steve wasn't afraid to pull shit like that with him. But he would rather die than tell him, so he reached up out of the water to grab Steve and drag him into too.

"You look good wet," Billy said when Steve surfaced, coughing and blinking.

"You're such an asshole."

"Mm," Billy pulled him close, heated water lapping between them, and kissed him. Steve tasted of the cream soda he'd been drinking, sweet and delicious, wet hair dripping in their eyes and sun making the surface of the water shine.

"I do actually need to finish that homework you know," Steve said against his lips.

"...What?"

But Steve was already gone, halfway back to the edge of the pool. "We can't all be geniuses." He pulled himself out of the water, wet shorts clinging to his ass cheeks, and fuck off was Billy letting it go that easy.

"Yeah, yeah."

He chose to bide his time, and followed Steve out of the pool. He lay on his front and pretended to doze, watching as Steve sat on a sun lounger and opened up his textbook. He gave Steve just enough time to get settled, back into his work and skin pimply as it dried off in the cool air, before his already limited patience ran out completely. The sun lounger creaked under their combined weight as he clambered up on top of Steve, taking the book out of his hands and dropping it unceremoniously to the floor.

"What are you doing?" Steve said between the soft, damp kisses Billy was pressing to his mouth, tugging gently at his lower lip each time he pulled away. But Billy didn't answer and Steve didn't ask again, reaching up to tangle his fingers into Billy's still wet hair, groaning as Billy hauled him closer, bare skin tacky with pool water, and Billy palmed at him through his damp swim shorts, clingy and more infuriating than ever, was about to slip his hand under the waistband, and -

The doorbell rang.

"Fuck," Billy growled as Steve tensed underneath him, "ignore it."

Steve hesitated for a moment. "Yeah. Okay." Billy kissed the side of his mouth, leant back a little so he could watch Steve's face as he traced a finger over his dick -

"Hello?"

Both of them scrambled to get to their feet as the voice approached the back gate, Steve grabbing a towel to wrap around his waist so he could go and deal with it with at least some of his dignity intact.

"It's the decorating company," he said grimly when he came back five minutes later. "Mom's got them in to touch up the house while they're away for a couple of weeks. Starting right now."

Billy glared at the man hauling a ladder and paint cans into the house, and hoped he knew just what Billy was missing out on thanks to him.

Billy's Place

Since Steve's place was out of commission while the decorator's were in - something which Billy had found hilarious when Steve had told him; *how hard is it to paint a goddamn wall yourself, Jesus* - they'd decided to risk spending some time together at Billy's place. It had been Steve's suggestion actually, desperate to get his hands on Billy for longer than thirty seconds and without someone barging in on them. Billy had outright laughed in his face when he'd first mentioned it. But he'd called Steve up later that evening, said he'd had a think about it, and yeah, with some planning, they just might be able to make it work.

Billy's room was a little messy, but only in a temporary sort of way - gym bag on the floor, a pile of books for school on the bed, a couple of shirts for the laundry by the door - unlike Steve's, which seemed to grow piles of crap out of nowhere. For the most part, it was actually pretty empty, just the basic furniture and a few other knick-knacks. While he couldn't fault him on tidiness, he had to snort at the bikini

girl posters on the closet doors.

"Really?" he looked pointedly at Billy.

"Shut up, or I'm kickin' you out," Billy grumbled, but held out a hand, "now come here sweetheart, we haven't got all day."

He'd picked up Steve straight after school. Hadn't even bothered to change out of his gym clothes - an event entirely unheard of - and was waiting impatiently at his car still in his shorts as soon as school let out. He had conceded to throw on a shirt for the occasion, though. Small miracles. Apparently his dad worked late on Tuesdays, his stepmom had joined some sort of club in a bid to make a few more friends, and Max was at the arcade with the rest of the kids. The house would be theirs, for a couple of hours at least, which was more than Steve could say about his place for the time being.

They all but wrestled each other across the room and onto the bed, Steve landing heavy on his back and Billy on top of him, breathless and fumbling with their clothes. Billy yanked Steve's shirt up to his armpits and went to town on his chest, biting and licking, trailing his tongue over Steve's skin, eyes on Steve the whole time. He took Steve's nipple between his teeth, an unfamiliar and fucking fantastic sensation that made Steve swear and Billy laugh, hot breath on spit-wet skin. Steve ran his hands up along Billy's solid thighs, grabbed a handful of his ass through the slippery fabric of his gym shorts to shut him up. It worked, and in the split second Billy was distracted, Steve jerked and twisted them around to switch their positions, leaving him on top of Billy and grinning down at his bewildered expression.

"How the hell did you - " he winced and shifted his weight, "ah fuck, my damn calc book's digging into my back, hang on."

"Seriously?"

"Yes seriously, wait a minute." Billy reached underneath himself to pull out the offending text book, and threw it off the side of the bed.

"Are you fucking ready now?"

"Yes, your majesty," Billy smirked up at him, his hands steady on Steve's hips.

Steve shuffled back a little, enjoying the speed at which the smug look was wiped right off his face as Steve placed his hands back on the warm skin of his thighs, slid them further up, under the bottom hem of Billy's loose gym shorts, and -

"Billy?" Susan's voice came from the hallway. "Billy, are you home?"

"Shit," Billy whispered, the both of them frozen in surprise at his stepmom's unexpected return.

"The book club's been cancelled this week," she said, voice moving worrying close to the bedroom door, "the woman who runs it isn't well."

"Don't come in!" Billy bellowed, right in Steve's ear, and shoved him off the bed.

Steve grabbed his jacket. "Do you want me to - "

"You'll have to go out the window," Billy hissed, panic all over his face, "it's all ground floor, you'll be fine."

"I know," Steve whispered, ducked forward to press a quick, hard kiss to Billy's mouth, "I'm sorry. Bye."

He paused on the grass outside just long enough to hear Susan's, "I wasn't going to come in Billy dear, you know I respect your privacy more than that," before he jogged off down the road, wishing his car wasn't parked quite so far away. So much for that idea.

The Camaro

They'd driven up to the quarry a few times before. Just to drink some beer and talk shit, sat on the hood of the car or sprawled on the cool ground next to it. What Billy had in mind for this particular trip was a little more... hands on. At least if anyone should interrupt them this time - and they'd better fucking not - being in a car would make for a

smoother getaway than bundling Steve out of his bedroom window, Jesus. Anyway, the weather was crappy, the burst of sunshine last week well and truly gone, and who the fuck else would be up at the quarry on a cloudy, drizzly weekday afternoon?

"We're stopping here?" Steve said as Billy parked up.

"Yeah. What's wrong with it?"

"Kind of a shitty view. There's a tree like right in the middle."

"We didn't come up here to look at the view Harrington, shit."

"Oh yeah?" Steve raised an eyebrow, smirked at him, and damn if Billy didn't love him like that, teasing and cocksure and ready to give as good as he got. "Then what did you bring me up here for, baby?"

Billy hopped over to the passenger side, knocking his foot on the steering wheel and elbow against the window as he tried to negotiate the minimal space in his car, to straddle Steve where he sat. He boxed him in, noses almost touching. "Hey."

"Hey."

Then Billy was kissing him, hard and quick and with a little more bite than necessary, because he'd had a bit of a shitty day and he was about to burst out of his skin with how much he wanted him. As Billy'd suspected, Steve was in the mood to push back, groaning low in his throat and sticking his hand down the back pocket of Billy's jeans to hold him closer. He nipped at Billy's lip and Billy jerked and rolled his hips down, the both of them hard as fuck in their jeans by that point, the rough drag of denim as Billy rubbed against him.

"Oh fuck," Billy panted into his neck, "God I want you..."

"Shit."

Steve's hands were on his hips, pulling him down harder and faster, denim taught across his legs, and fuck their fucking jeans being in the way -

"What? Dustin that's gross."

"I'm not saying I want to test it, I was just thinking hypothetically."

"Well, you didn't have to share with the group."

"Yeah Dustin, that was weird as hell."

"Screw you all, I ask for your opinion and this is what I get, Jesus."

They broke apart, gaping at each other wide eyed and panicked, lips kiss-swollen and both breathing heavily, Billy's hand on Steve's dick through his jeans. The fucking kids. What the fuck were they doing up here?

"Crap," Steve said, his voice still all low and rough and perfect from the state they'd worked themselves into, "why the fuck are those shitheads up here?"

"Good question," Billy growled, and slumped forward to bang his forehead on Steve's shoulder in defeat.

"They're coming this way, quick," Steve tapped urgently on Billy's thigh, "get off."

"I fuckin' wish," Billy muttered as he heaved himself back over to the driver's seat.

The kids were making their way over. They must have spotted Steve, 'cause they sure as fuck wouldn't be strolling over all smooth like that if it was just Billy in the car. The lot of them were still wary of him - which was good, he didn't fucking want it any other way, okay? - but thanks to the fact that he and Steve were 'friends' now, and that Billy had made good on his promise to Max and left them be, they were mostly cool. Billy nearly snapped at the lot of them to just fuck off so they could get back to business, but Steve guessed his intent and elbowed him in the side before he could say anything.

"Hey Steve," the kid Steve was always driving around waved, big toothy grin in place. He was the only one though - Wheeler and Sinclair looked murderous, and the Byers kid mostly just looked like he wanted to disappear into the ground.

"Hey guys," Steve said. He was still a little red in the face, lips pink

where Billy'd bitten at them, his hair a disaster where the back of his head had rubbed against the car seat. "What, er, what are you all doing up here?"

"Nothing," all four of them blurted instantly. Jesus, they were shitty liars. They couldn't have looked more guilty.

"What are *you* doing up here?" the Wheeler kid said defensively, glaring at Billy. He'd might have thought it was pretty brave of him, if he didn't think it was so damn funny.

"Nothing," Steve said just back just as quick. God, he was as bad as the kids. Lucky they were too dumb to figure it out.

"Why are you hanging out with this guy so much?" Henderson piped up again, and Jesus, did he have a death wish? "What does he have that we don't?"

"Err..." Steve fidgeted. the kids waiting on him for an answer. Billy snorted into his sleeve.

Lucky for Harrington, it started to rain properly just then, fat, cold drops hitting the windshield. The kids all started yelling and shoving at each other, and turned to Billy and Steve with that sad, puppy dog look, and *oh hell no*.

"No fucking way," Billy snapped.

"Come on," Steve said, "it'll take like two seconds."

"Harrington - "

"And win you some favour with the shitheads."

"Hey," one of the kids chipped in. Billy didn't bother to check which one.

"Fine," Billy rolled his eyes and slumped in defeat, "get the fuck in. And don't fucking scratch anything or I will in fact kill you."

"Yeah yeah, sure you will," Sinclair opened the door and the four boys all piled into the back seat, leaving Billy wondering which shitty

thing in particular he'd done that had made him deserve *this*.

It was really, really not how Billy had pictured his afternoon.

The Woods

Honestly, Steve was kind of done with parties. He'd started to lose interest in them when he was still with Nance, even more so after the disastrous Halloween party. Now he was... doing whatever he was doing with Billy, they seemed even more pointless. They couldn't get drunk, grind up against each other and suck face in the corner when they got bored like everyone else did, so he wasn't all that excited about the one they were going to that evening. But Billy clearly wanted to go, and wanted Steve with him, which was enough of a reason for him to suck it up and go.

The party was on the edge of the woods now spring was here and the weather warming up enough to make it possible. It was just the normal beer and bonfire bullshit, but it wasn't as awful as Steve had been expecting. Most people were sitting around the fire, Billy included, or had already snuck off back to their cars to make out. Steve was leaning against the hood of his car, finishing off a beer. He was feeling pleasantly buzzed already, warm from the drink and the bonfire, sleepy and generally pretty chill. That was, until Billy appeared from nowhere and grabbed his hand.

"Come on," he said urgently.

"What?" Steve blinked at him. "Where?"

Billy came in close, breath hot and beery, and ran a hand over the front of Steve's jeans. "*Come on.*"

Steve tossed his nearly empty bottle to the ground, and followed Billy out into the trees. As they went further into the dark, further away from the fire, Steve started to feel a little wary; half expecting to see a demodog jump out from behind a tree, or hear that fucked up clicking noise as they scented the air. But Billy being there helped a little, his hand hot and sweaty and strong in Steve's as he pulled him deeper into the woods, and even though he could never tell him why

he was so twitchy, he was glad he was there with him all the same.

Billy must have deemed them far away enough from the party for whatever he had planned, as he stopped suddenly and span Steve around, backed him up against a tree, bark rough on his back even through his jacket. They kissed, lips soft and chapped and tasting of beer, fingers and faces cold now they were away from the fire.

"I can't wait anymore baby," Billy said against his mouth, "I can't handle you being so close and not getting to touch you, not tonight."

"What?"

Billy dropped his knees in front of him, sinking slightly into the leaf mould, and *oh fuck*. He popped the button of Steve's jeans open, zip down and fabric pushed aside, breath hot and damp over his underwear. Steve was groaning already, unable to stop himself, loud and breathy, hips jerking forward into Billy's touch.

"Shit shit shit..."

Billy's tongue ran up the cotton of his briefs, Steve's hand scrabbling at the bark behind him -

A twig snapped, and something rustled in the trees off to the left, the sound of muffled laughter in the dark.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Billy shoved himself to his feet, wiping at his mouth, and glared at the couple stumbling towards them through the trees. Steve reached down to clumsily refasten his jeans, trying to get himself back under control before whoever it was saw them.

"...Steve?"

Nancy. Of all the couples that had to stumble across them, it was Nancy and Jonathan.

"Hey Nance," he winced. "Jonathan."

"It is you," Nancy said as she stepped closer, moonlight hitting the two of them as they approached, holding hands and jackets buttoned

up tight, breath misting in the chilly spring evening.

"Yeah."

She narrowed her eyes at Billy. "Hargrove."

"Wheeler," Billy nodded. "Byers."

"Uh, hey." Jonathan looked about as keen to get the whole mess over with as Steve was.

"Well, what are you doing all the way out here?" Nancy pressed, still determined as ever to make sure Steve didn't turn into a complete recluse after their break up. It was sweet really, and he appreciated it, but awful fucking timing Nance, Jesus. "The party winding down already? It's only nine thirty."

"No, no," Steve said, trying to think straight, combination of the beer and the thought of Billy's tongue on his dick moments ago making it hard to find the right words. "We just, err. We - "

"Then let's get over there. I haven't seen you out for weeks," she said, and set off through the trees, leaving the boys no choice but to follow.

"Look Harrington," Billy said in a low voice as they made their way reluctantly back to the bonfire, cold fingers brushing as they walked side by side, "I know she's your friend and all, and I'm starting to like her, really. But I might have to actually kill her."

Steve's Room

It was a Wednesday, boring as fuck, dull and grey and overcast. One of those weird Hawkins days that cropped up every so often that felt unnaturally long and drawn out, like it would be one thirty in the afternoon forever. Fucking depressing, is what it was. Which why Billy had no fucking idea why Steve looked so damn happy when he sat down opposite him at lunch.

"What are you smiling about?" It was cute, but fuck off was he going

to say that.

"The decorators are gone."

"What?"

"They finished up this morning," Steve said, still smiling, eyes bright and hair flopping over his face. Yeah, Billy was gone on him, no point denying it. "My parents aren't back until the day after tomorrow," his foot nudged Billy's under the lunch table. "Wanna come over later?"

"Oh baby," Billy nudged him right back, feeling like his day had suddenly and significantly picked up, "you know I do."

~

Steve was on his back and Billy above him, the bedding rumped around them and pillows on the floor as they kissed, fast and sloppy and a little desperate, thanks to all their time alone being cut short of late. But the decorators were gone, the kids all dropped off where they should be, and Billy finally had Steve to himself.

"Fuck," he said against Steve's lips, "you don't know how long," he kissed him again, "I've wanted to get you into bed, Harrington."

"About how long I've wanted *you* to get in my bed, I'd guess," Steve hauled him down by the hair for another kiss, lighter, sweeter, and Billy almost couldn't bear feeling so much.

"Don't get fucking smart with me," he ducked lower to mouth at the mole of Steve's neck, felt the shudder of his throat as he swallowed underneath his lips.

"Shit," Steve jerked, as though he wasn't sure if he wanted to drag Billy up for a kiss or let him continue to go to work on his neck. He settled on the second, apparently, but slid his hands up under Billy's shirt, firm over the hot skin of his back, around to the front to spread over his belly, up to palm over his chest, thumb over a nipple.

Billy hissed, stomach tensing, rocked his hips down where he straddled Steve, "too many clothes, baby." He reluctantly drew his

mouth away from Steve's neck, pulled his shirt over his head and flung it to the side, pushed Steve's shirt up, scraped his teeth over his chest.

"Jesus, Billy," Steve arched up underneath him, too many layers of clothing for Billy to be able to feel his cock properly, and that was just not gonna fly today. He shuffled back a bit, mouthed his way wetly down Steve's belly, pausing at his waistband as he unbuttoned his jeans and yanked them down, taking a moment to look up at him before he continued. He drew Steve out of his briefs, stroking slow, because he was already desperate for this, and if he rushed through it any faster, the whole thing'd be over before it even got going.

"God, you're perfect."

"You can't say shit like that," Steve bit out, head tipped back and eyes screwed shut.

"Why not?" Billy ran his thumb the length of his dick, "it's true."

"Because I'm too fucking close as it is, I can't handle you being... *sweet* on top of that."

"*Sweet?*" Steve opened his eyes when Billy spoke, wide and glassy as he blinked down at him. "The last fucking thing I am Harrington, is sweet." Billy wasn't sure if he wanted to laugh or cry or hit something to hear Steve call him *sweet*, but that was something for him to worry about later, when his dick wasn't so hard he could drill through rock, fuck.

"Whatever, Hargrove, just - come on." Steve was grabbing at the front of Billy's jeans, but didn't quite have the right angle to pop the button. So Billy did it for him, pushed them down and out of the way just enough to get his dick out.

"Shit."

"Mm." Billy spat in his hand, ignored the little twist of distaste on Steve's face, and brought both their dicks together in his palm. Steve groaned and grabbed as much of Billy's ass as he could reach with both hands, pulled him as close as he could get, fucking up into

Billy's hand alongside his cock. It was quick and rough, both of them impatient and desperate to get off, grinding into each other, breathing hard and loud, hair in their eyes and bodies tense as they brought each other closer.

"Come on baby," Billy said, lower belly clenching tight and hot as he chased his release, "come with me, yeah?"

"Fuck, Billy," Steve's eyes had fallen shut again; they really needed to work on that. His fingers were digging into the flesh of Billy's ass each time he rocked up against him, and Billy dimly wondered if he'd be thinking about that the next time he jerked off - Steve's blunt nails on his skin, gripping hard like he was afraid Billy'd suddenly disappear, to anchor himself as he came apart.

They didn't hit it at quite the same time, but that didn't matter. Meant Billy got to watch Steve come without his attention half on his own dick. He wiped his hand on the sweat-damp sheets, and lay down right next to him, held on to him as their breathing evened out and they cooled off, swapped kisses as the sun went down, the only two people in the world.

Author's Note:

I realise there are many ways they could have gotten around all of these problems, but that wouldn't have been as much fun now would it.